## WORK OF THE LORD

Clear as the Sun and Terrible as an Army

WITH BANNERS IN THE CHURCH

Of Christ-Talmage Tells of Its Wondurful March in His Eloquent Serman for the Week.

LONDON, Aug. 2L-Dr. Taimage has been preaching during the past week every day. Besides the engagements made in his original programme for the week he preuched as several towns which he had promised to visit earlier, but had been unable to do so, owing to so much more time than he expected being tab a up by his visit to Enseia, whither he went to attend the distribution of The Christian Herald relief cargo. The canceling of these engagements caused some disappointment to the citizens, and as far as possible Dr. Talmage has yielded to their entreaties. to fix a later date, . The audiences last week at Lords, Bradford, Sheffield and Derby were enormies, and at each place the popular evation in the streets was no at enthusiastic. The sermon selected for publication this week is from the text, Luke xv. 18, "I will arise and go

to my hthe There is nothing like hunger to take the energy out of a man. A hungry much can toll neither with pen nor hand nor foot. There has been many an army defeated not so much for lack of animantion as for lack of broad. It was that fact that took the fire out of this young upon of the text. Storm and exposure will wear out any man's life in time. but hunger makes quick work. The most awful cry ever heard on earth is the cry for breach

A traveler tells us that in Asia Minor there are trees which bear fruit looking very minch like the long bean of our time. It is called the carab. Once in awaite the people reduced to destitution would eat these carabs, but generally the carate, the beans spoken of here in the text, were thrown only to the swine and they erunched them with great avidity. But this young man of my text could not get even them without stealing them. So one day amid the swine transies he begins to soliloquize. He says, "These are no clothes for a rich tuan's son to wear; this is no kind of business for a Jew to be engaged infeeding swine; I'll go home; I'll go home; I will arise and go to my father."

POOLS MAKE A MOUN AT SIN. I know there are a great many people who try to throw a fascination, a romance, a halo about sin, but notwithstanding all that Lord Byron and George Sand have said in regard to it, it is a mean, low, contemptible business, and putting food and fodder into the troughs of a herd of iniquities that root and wallow in the soul of man is very poor business for men and women intended to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. And when this young man resolved to go home it was a very wise thing for him to do, and the only ques-

tion is whather we will follow him. Satan promises large wages if we will sorve him; but he clothes his victims with rays, and he pinches them with hunger, and when they start out to do better he sets after them all the bloodhounds of hell. Satan comes to us today and he promises all luxuries, all emeluments if we will only serve him. Liar, down with thee to the pit! "The wages of sin is death." Ob, the young man of the text was wise when he uttered the resolution, "I will arise and go to my father."

In the time of Queen Mary of England a persecutor came to a Christian woman who had hidden in her house for the Lord's sake one of Christ's servants. and the persecutor said, "Where is that The Christian woman said, hereticz "You open that frunk and you will see the hereric." The persecutor opened the trunk, and on the top of the linen of the trunk he saw a glass. He said, "There is no heretic here." "Ah," she said, Took in the glass and you will see the beretic." As I take up the mirror of God's Word today I would that instead of seeing the predigal of the text we might ass curselyes our want, our wandering, our sin our ket condition-so that we might be as wise as this young man was and any, "I will arise and go

The resolution of this text was formed in contrast as his present circumstances. If this young man had been by his emplayer set to culturing flowers, or training vines over an arbor, or hosping necount of the pork market, or overseeing other biscors, he would not have thought of some home. If he had had his peopole fold of money, if he had been ante to say: "I have a thousand dollars. now of any own. What's the use of my going back to my father's house? Doyou tune I am point book to apologize to the old man! Why he would put me on the house. He would not have going on around the shit place such conduct as I have been correct in I won't go home, there is no reason why I about go home, I have plenty of money, posity of piercent surroundings, why should I go head?" Ald it was his panperson, it was his beingary. He had to

IS HAN IN A LOST CONDITION? Some man comes and says to me: "Why to you talk about the ruined state of the human soul? Why don't you speak about the progress of the Nineteen in control and talk of something more calcillanating?" It is for this reason:



Blake in your ones hands, if you'll take it, you have the remark the remark wonksease and wo ferma Dr. Pierce's Favorite Priscrip-

If it worm't fin most sectain and effects recently in the world, do you think it could be said in our work way? Room orservation and "remainers" was

man and every desirate and seffering woman, posts it. In moids spirated introportate the country is required and introportate the primer insulations, and restone health and strongth. It is ingristant mediated, not a large-state property hours and main expensity for woman's health littlewest flower and decoupled and the court flower and decoupled week back, but one periodical point week back, but for the every health of the court o

A man never wants the Gospel until he realizes he is in a familie struck state. Suppose I should came to you in your home, and you are in good, robust health, and I should begin to talk about medicines, and about how much better this medicine is than that, and some other medicine than some other medigine, and talk about this physician and that physician. After awhile you would get tired, and you would say: "I don't want to hear about medicines. Why do you talk to me of physicians? I never have a stortor."

Suppose I come into your house and I find you severely sick, and I know the

medicines that will cure you, and 1 know the physician who is skillful enough to meet your case. You say: Bring on all that medicine, bring on that physician. I am terribly sick and I want help." If I came to you and you feel you are all right in body, and all right in mind, and all right in soul, you have need of nothing; but suppose I have persuaded you that the leprosy of sin is upon you, the worst of all sickness. Oh, then you say, "Bring me that balm of the Gospel, bring me that divine medicament, bring me Jesus Christ."

But says some one in the audience, "How do you prove that we are in a ruined condition by sin?" Well, I can prove it in two ways, and you may have your choice. I can prove it either by the statements of men or by the statement of God. Which shall it be? You all say, "Let us have the statement of Weil, he says in one place, "The heart is deceirful above all things and desperately wicked." He says in another place, "What is man that he should be clean, and he which is born of a woman, that he should be righteous?" He says in another place, "There is none that doeth good; no, not one." He says in another place, "As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."

THE ALL POWERFUL NAME. "Well," you say, "I am willing to acknowledge that, but why should I take the particular rescue that you propose?" This is the reason, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." This is the reason, "There is one name given under heaven among men whereby they may be saved Then there are a thousand voices here ready to say, "Well, I am ready to accept this help of the Gospel; I would like to have this divine cure; how shall I go to work?" Let me say that a mere whim, an undefined longing amounts to nothing. You must have a stout, tremendous resolution like this young man of the text, when he said, "I will arise and go to my father."

"Oh," says some man, "how do I know my father wants me? How do I know, if I go back, I would be received?" "Oh," says some man, "you don't know where I have been; you don't know how far I have wandered; you wouldn't talk that way to me if you knew all the iniquities I have committed." What is that flutter among the angels of God? It is news; it is news! Christ has found the lost.

> Nor angels can their joy contain, But kindled with new fire; The sinner lost is found, they sing, And strike the sounding lyre.

When Napoleon talked of going into Italy they said, "You can't get there; if you knew what the Alps were you wouldn't talk about it or think of it; you you ammunition w the Alps." Then Napoleon rose in his stirrups, and waving his hand toward the mountains he said, "There shall be no Alps." That wonderful pass was laid out which has been the wonderment of all the years since—the wonderment of all engineers. And you tell me there are such mountains of sin between your soul and God there is no mercy. Then I see Christ waving his hand toward the mountains, and I hear him say, "I will come over the mountains of thy sin and the hills of thine iniquity." There shall be no Pyrenees; there shall be no Alps.

Again, I notice that this resolution of the young man of the text was founded in sorrow at his misbehavior. It was not mere physical plight. It was grief that he had so multreated his father. It is a sad thing after a father has done everything for a child to have that child be ungrateful.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is To have a thankless child,

That is Shakespeare. "A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." That is the Bible. Well, my friends, have not some of us been cruel prodigals? Have we not maltreated our Father? And such a Father! So loving, so kind. If he had been a stranger, if he had forsaken us, if he had flagellated us, if he had pounded us and turned us out of doors on the commons, it would not have been so wonderful-our treatment of him; but he is a Father so loving, so kind, and yet how many of us for our wanderings have never apologized! We apologize for wrongs done to our fellows, but some of us perhaps have committed ten thousand times ten thousand wrongs against God and never apolo-

THE DISCUSTED PRODUCAL.

I remark still further that this reso-Intion of the text was founded in a feeling of homeslekness. I do not know how long this young man, how many months, how many years, he had been away from his father's house, but there is something about the reading of my text that makes me think he was homesick. Some of you know what that feeling is. Far away from home sometimes, surrounded by everything bright and pleasant, pleaty of friends, you have said, "I would give the world to be home tonight." Well, this young man was homestell for his father's house. I have no doubt when he thought of his father's house he said, "Now perhaps father may not be living."

We read nothing in this story-this parable founded on everyday life-we read nothing about the mother. It says nothing about going horse to her. I think she was doud. I think she had in remarkable died of a broken heart at his wanderings, or perhaps he had gone into dissipation from the fact he could not remember a loving and sympathetic mother. A mun never gets over having lost his mother. Nothing said about her Acres. Dirt he is homesick for his father's house. He thought he would just like to go and walk around the old place. He thought he would just like to go and

see if things were as they used to be. Many a man after having been off a long while him gone homo and knocked at the door, and a stranger has econe. It to the old honsestead, but a stranger course to the door. He finds out father is gone, mother is gone and texthere and soriety all g sio. I taink this rosing salesp. There were the wafe and this.

starts to the cost. Ha is honesick. Are them out. there any here today homesick for God,

homesick for heaven? A sailor, after having been long on the sea, returned to his father's house and his mother tried to persuade him not to go away again. She said: "Now you had better stay at home; don't go away; we don't want you to go. You will have it a great deal better here." But it made him angry. The night before he went away again to sea he heard his mother praying in the next room, and that made him more angry. He went far out on the sea, and a storm came up, and he was ordered to very perilous duty, and he ran up the ratlines, and amid the shrouds of the ship he heard the voice that he had heard in the next room.

He tried to whistle it off: he tried to rally his courage; but he could not silence that voice he had heard in the next room, and there in the storm and the darkness he said: "O Lord, what a wretch I have been, what a wretch I am! Help me just now, Lord God," And I thought in this assemblage today there may be some who may have the memory of a father's petition or a mother's prayer pressing mightily upon the soul, and that this hour they may make the same resolution I find in my text, saying, "I will arise and go to my father."

A lad at Liverpool went out to bathe, went out into the sea, went out too far, got beyond his depth and he floated far away. A ship bound for Dublin came along and took him on board. Sailors are generally very generous fellows, and one gave him a cap and another gave him a jacket and another gave him shoes. A gentleman passing along on the beach at Liverpool found the lad's clothes and took them home, and the father was heartbroken, the mother was heartbroken at the loss of their child. They had heard nothing from him day after day, and they ordered the usual mourning for the sad event.

But the lad took ship from Dublin and arrived in Liverpool the very day the garments arrived. He knocked at the door and the father was overjoyed and the mother was overjoyed at the return of their lost son. Oh, my friends, have you waded out too deep? Have you waded down into sin? Have you waded from the shore? Will you come back? When you come back will you come in the rags of your sin or will you come robed in the Saviour's righteousness? I believe the latter. Go home to your God today. He is waiting for you, Go home!

But I remark the characteristic of this resolution was, it was immediately put into execution.

DO NOT DELAY. The context says "he arose and came to his father." The trouble in nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand is that our resolutions amount to nothing because we make them for some distant time. If I resolve to become a Christian next year, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve to become a Christian tomorrow, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve at the service today to become a Christian, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve after I go home today to yield my heart to God, that amounts to nothing at all. The only kind of resotion that amounts to anything is the resolution that is immediately put into execution.

There is a man who had the typhoid fever. He said, "Oh, if I could get over this terrible distress; if this fever should depart, if I could be restored to health, I would all the rest of my life serve God." The fever departed. He got well enough to waik around the block. He got well enough to attend to business. He is well today-as well as he ever was. Where is the broken vow? There is a man who said long ago, "If I could live to the year 1892, by that time I will have my business matters all arranged, and I will have time to attend to religion, and I will be a good, thorough, consecrated Christian." year 1892 has come. January, February, March, April, May, June, July-fully half of the year gone. Where is your broken vow?

"Oh," says some man, "I'll attend to that when I can get my character fixed up; when I can get over my evil habits; I am now given to strong drink," or, says the man, "I am given to uncleanness," or, says the man, "I am given to dishonesty. When I get over my present habits, then I'll be a thorough Christian." My brother, you will get worse and worse until Christ takes you in hand, "Not the righteons, sinners Jesus came to call."

Oh, but you say, "I agree with you on all that, but I must put it off a little longer." Do you know there were many who came just as near as you are to the kingdom of God and never entered it? I was at East Hampton, Long Island, and I went into the cemetery to look around. and in that cemetery there are twelve graves side by side-the graves of sailors. This crew, some years ago, in a ship went into the breakers at Amagansett, about tares miles away. My brother, then preaching at East Hampton. had been at the burial. These men of the crew came very near being saved. The people from Amagansett saw the vessel, and they shot rockets, and they sent ropes from the shore, and these poor fellows got into the boat, and they ulled mightily for the shore, but just before they got to the shore the rope snapped and the boat capsized and they were lost, and their bodies afterward

washed upon the beach. Oh, what a solemn day it was-I have been told of it by my brother-when these twelve men lay at the foot of the pulpit and he read over them the funeral service. They came very near shorewithin shorting distance of the shore, yet did not arrive on solid land. There are some men who come almost to the shore of God's mercy, but not quite, not quite. To be only almost saved is to be

LOST BEYOND BEDERFIION. I will tell you of two products-the one that gut back and the other test did. not get back. In Bickmond there is a very prosperous and manniful bome inenanty respects. A young man wandered off from that home. He wantered very far into sin. They heard of him often but he was always on the wrong track. He would not go home. At the door of that brantiful home one night there. was a great onlery. The young man of the house can down and opened the door to see what was the matter. It was midnight. The rest of the family were

man of the loxt said to himself, "Fer- dren of this profigal young man. The haps father may be dead." Still be fact was he had come home and driven

> He said: "Out of this house. Away, with these children; I will dash their brains out. Out into the storius The mother guthered them up and fied. The next morning the brother, a young man who had stald at home, went out to find this prodigal brother and son, and he came where he was and saw the young man wandering up and down in front of the place where he had been staying, and the young man who had kept his integrity said to the older brother; Here, what does this mean? What is the matter with your Why do you act in this way." The prodigal looked at him and said: "Who am D Whom do you take me to be?" He said, "You are my brother." "No, I am not. I am a brute. Have you seen anything of my wife and children? Are they dead? I drove them out last night in the storm. I am a brute. John, do you think there is any help for me? Do you think I will ever get over this life of dissipation? He said, "John, there is just one thing that will stop this." The prodigal ran his finger across his throat and said: "That will stop it, and I'll stop it before night. Oh, my brain; I can stand it no louger." That prodigal never got home. But I will tell you of a prodigal that did get home. In this country two young men start-

> ed from their father's house and went down to Portsmouth. The father could not pursue his children; for some reasen he could not leave home, and so he wrote a letter down to Mr. Griffin, saying: "Mr. Griffin, I wish you would go and see my two sons. They have arrived in Portsmonth and they are going to take ship and are going away from home. I wish you would persuade them back." Mr. Griffin went and he tried to persuade them back. He persuaded one to go. He went with very easy persuasion because he was very homesick already. The other young man said: "I will not go. I have had enough of home. I'll never go home." "Well," said Mr. Griffin, "then if you won't go home I'll get you a respectable position on a respectable ship." "No, you won't," said the prodigal; "no, you won't. I am going as a common sailor; that will plague my father most, and what will do most to tantalize and worry him will please me best."

> Years passed on and Mr. Griffin was seated in his study one day when a message came to him saying there was a young man in irons on a ship at the dock-a young man condemned to death -who wished to see this clergyman. Mr. Griffin went down to the dock and went on shipboard. The young man said to him, "You don't know me, do you?" "No," he said, "I don't know you." "Why, don't you remember that young man you tried to persuade to go home. and he wouldn't go?" "Oh, yes," said Mr. Griffin; "are you that man?" "Yes. I am that man," said the other. "I would like to have you pray for me. I have committed murder and I must die: but I don't want to go out of this world until some one prays for me. You are my father's friend, and I would like to

> have you pray for me." Mr. Griffin went from judicial authority to judicial authority to get that young man's pardon. He slept not night nor day. He went from influential person to influential person until in some way he got that young man's pardon. He came down on the dock and as he arrived on the dock with the pardon the father came. He had heard that his son under a disguised name had been committing crime and was going to be put to death. So Mr. Griffin and the father went on ship's deck, and at the very moment Mr. Griffin offered the pardon to the young man the old father threw his arms around the son's neck and the son said: "Father, I have done very wrong and I am very sorry. I wish I had never broken your heart. I am very sorry." "Oh," said the father, "don't mention it. It doesn't make any difference now. It is all over. I forgive you, my son," and he kissed him

> and kissed him and kissed him. Today I offer you the pardon of the Gospel-full pardon, free pardon. I do not care what your crime has been, Though you say you have committed a crime against God, against your own soul, against your fellow man, against your family, against the day of judgment, against the cross of Christ-whatever your crime has been, here is pardon, full pardon, and the very moment you take that pardon your heavenly Father throws his arms about you and says: "My son, I forgive you. It is all right. You are as much in my favor now as if you had never sinned." Oh, there is joy on earth and joy in heaven! Who will to be the Parlier's embrace?

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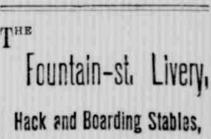
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